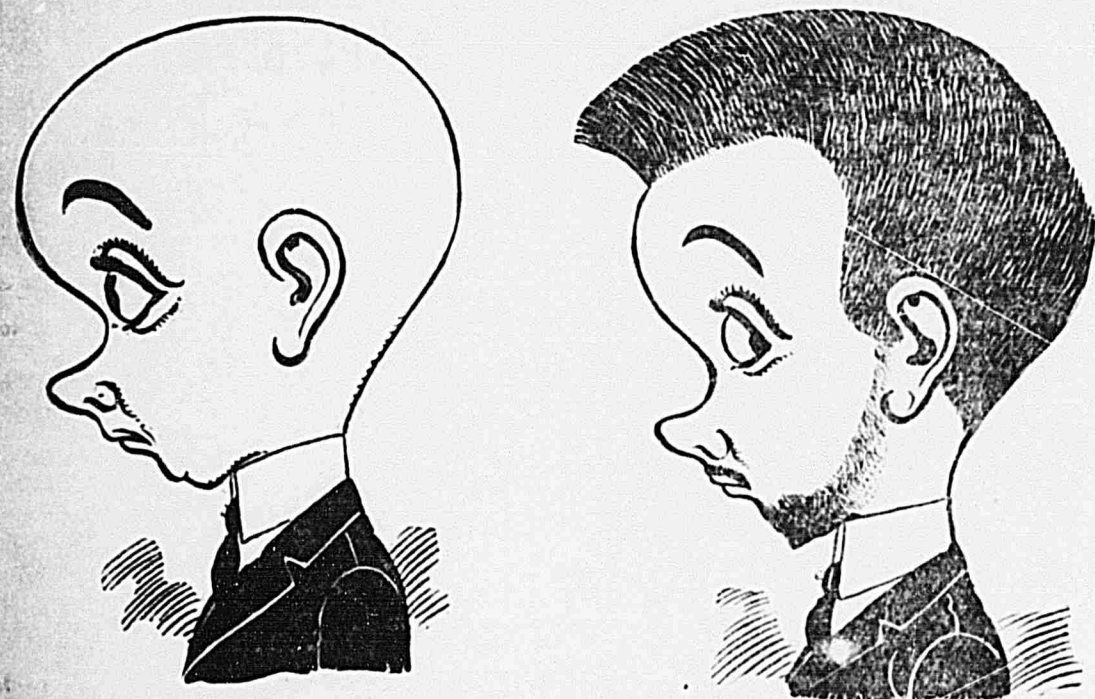
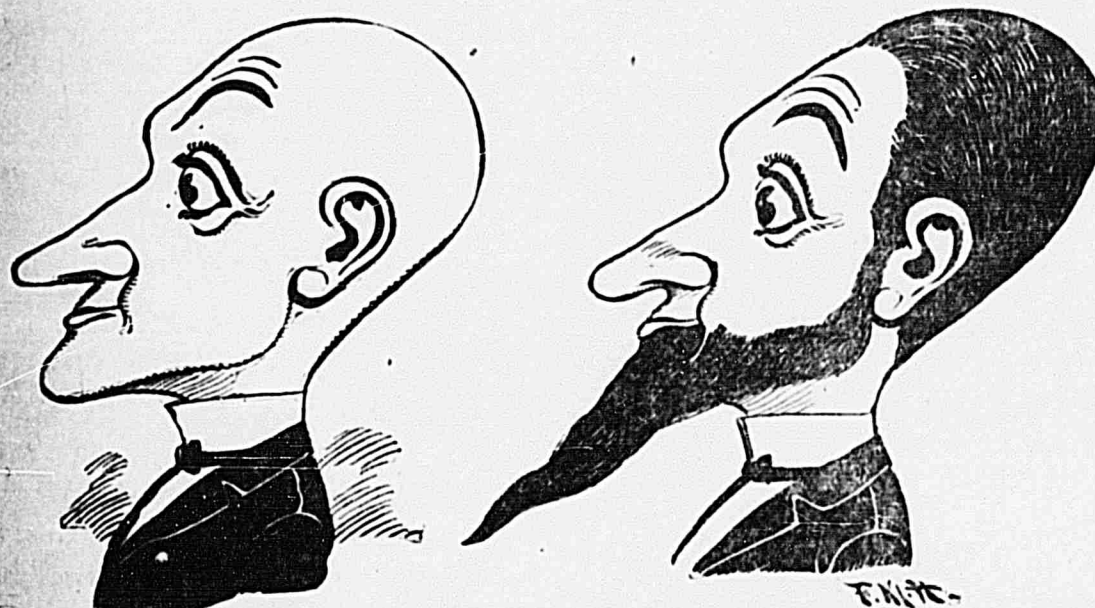


F. M. HOWARTH'S COMICS.  
ISN'T IT STRANGE—

That the man whose head is built like this

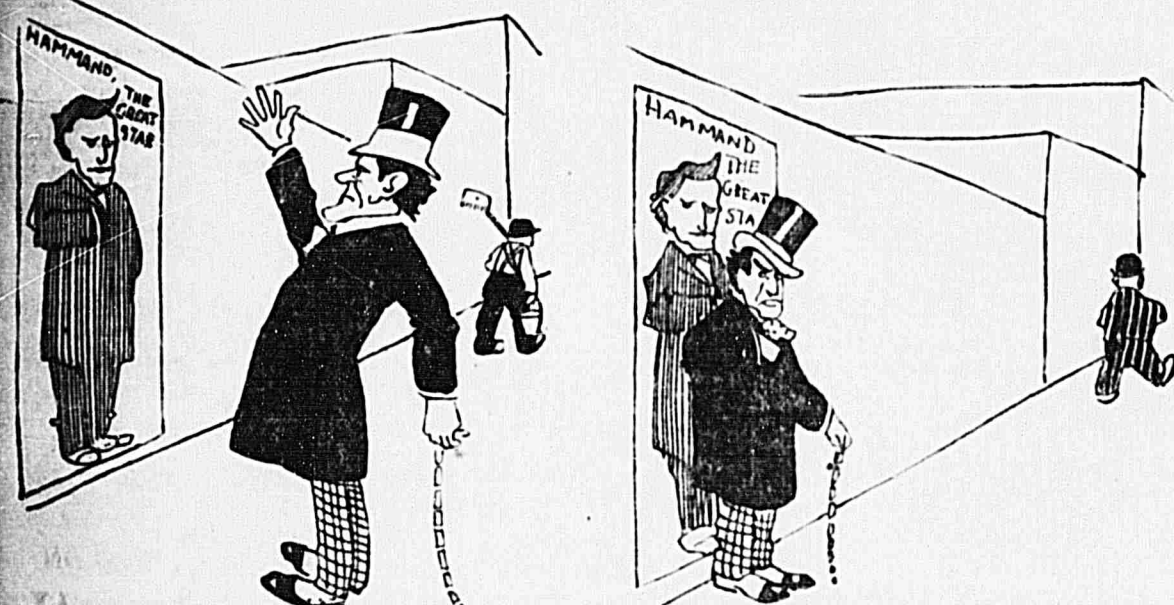
will usually wear his hair and whiskers in this manner.



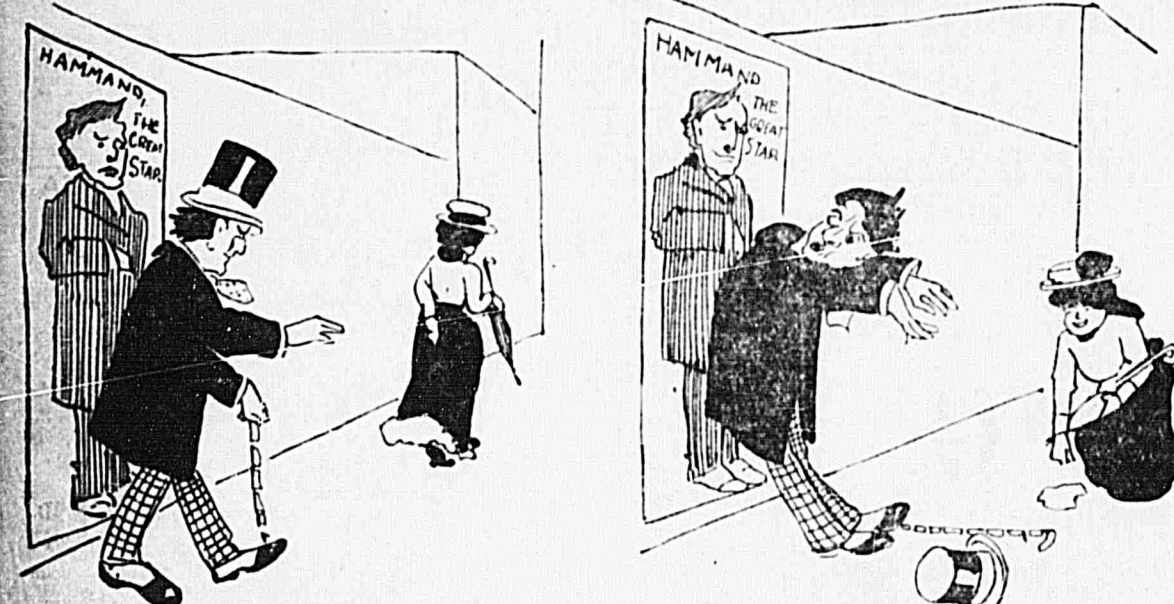
while the man whose head is built in this manner

will arrange his hirsute adornments as above?

## FOILED AGAIN.



1. Hammard, the Star—"Tis me! Oh, how sweet is fame!"



2. "A fair one comes! I will stand against me portrait and see if she recognizes me!"



3. "She drops her handkerchief! I will pick it up. Perchance she will smile!"

## AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

4. "She's smiling, all right; but confound it, I'm stuck to the nearby fence!"

## The World.

VOL. 42 NO. 1452

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 53 to 55 PARK ROW, New York.  
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.A DOG STORY WITH ONE HERO  
AND TWO TYPICAL VILLAINS.

Monahan has been a patrolman on the New York police force since 1861. In those forty years he has had but three demerits—each merely for lateness at roll call.

Last Sunday he requested a man to tie up or otherwise put under control a big bulldog which he had brought with him to the Casino in the Park in a hansom. That is, Monahan politely asked a man to obey one of the very best park rules for the protection of the public—the rule against dogs at large.

The man did as requested. But a gambler, a friend of Devery and a stranger to the man with the dog, had overheard the discussion. He said to his friends: "Just see me take down that cop." And he proceeded to abuse and threaten the faithful old policeman. And the next day this gambler's friend, Devery, summoned Monahan to headquarters, denounced him, refused to make a charge, but declared that he would discipline him by transferring him.

The old policeman said: "No, you'll have no opportunity to do that. I came into the department as a man and I want to leave it as one. I have never had a charge preferred against me until now, and this is too late in the day to submit to any disciplining without cause. I have done nothing but my plain duty and I shall stand in my resignation this very day rather than stand for being transferred."

And as soon as Devery carried out his threat, Monahan kept his promise and left the force "like a man."

It is difficult to say whether this story is more important as a story of heroism or as a story of the degrading corruption of the powers in control of the police force. It ought to be an inspiration to thousands of honest policemen, an incentive to tens of thousands of voters.

Devery's attack on Marrinan yesterday, in which he violated not only the rules of decency but also the explicit rules of the Police Department—the very laws which he sits as judge to enforce—gives a sharper, a more painful point to this story of Monahan.

## THE BLESSINGS OF A WRITTEN CONSTITUTION.

It is in times like these that we ought to feel thankful that we live under "a government of laws, not men," and above all that we live under a written Constitution.

Take up any newspaper you please, any morning or evening, for the past seven days, and turn to the "Letters from the People." You find scores upon scores of proposals to violate the Constitution in many of its most vital parts; to make laws that are not only against its letter but utterly contrary to its spirit; laws, moreover, which if they could be made and enforced would hit all sorts and conditions of people harder than they would hit the Anarchists.

Some of these doctors propose punishments for future would-be assassins which are worthy of the middle-ages genius for cruelty. But the Constitution bars the way with its prohibition of all "cruel and unusual punishments." Others of their want Congress to declare an assault upon a President, Vice-President or Cabinet officer to be "high treason." But "high treason" is a thing unknown to American law, and the Constitution again bars the way with its declaration that nothing can be treason here except "levying war upon the United States."

The people who offer these impossible and hence useless suggestions are well-meaning; they are filled with a very just anger at the cowardly, causeless and altogether abominable act of Czolgosz, and in the heat of their wrath they talk without thinking.

Presently, in ten days at furthest, all this emotional effervescence will have passed—and the Constitution will remain; also the average American man's gift of Common Sense; also abundant ways and means of protecting our Presidents and upholding the laws against the lawless.

## SOME OF THE FUN OF THE DAY.

**NATURAL LUCK.**  
"Whew!" panted the hare, "I never expected to get away from those dogs. I tell you, I'm lucky."  
"Of course you are," replied the fox, "and it's all due to those rabbit's feet you carry around with you."—Philadelphia Press.

**WHY SHE STOPPED.**  
Confiding Stranger—"That girl was flirting hard with me two minutes ago, and now she won't look at me."  
The Other Man—"Perhaps that's because she saw me come in. I'm her husband!"—The Sketch.

**THE UNEXPECTED.**  
The Wife—"My dressmaker's bill is twice as much as I expected."  
The Husband (grumpily)—"Ah! but I expected it would be twice as much as we expected it would be."  
"But it is twice as much as that!"—Life.

**HEARTS WERE THUMBS.**  
"How did your progressive whist party come out?"  
"Oh, it progressed all right, until the players began to pair off and seek some quiet corner where they could play hearts."—Life.

## WHEN THIRST INSPIRES.

"W"hat won't some people do to obtain a drink of liquor?" said the other day Lieut. Charles Cole, of the Central Police District, Baltimore. "One of the funniest I ever heard of was a trick played by a Marsh Market space hobo on three of his companions. The four men had engaged a room on a small street near the 'space.' It was in the dead of winter, and they borrowed a small stove of the egg-shaped variety from a neighbor. They built a fire in it, got thoroughly warmed and then stretched out upon the floor to sleep. "At an early hour the next morning one of them awoke in a cold sweat, shivering like a leaf. The fire had gone out and the room was like an ice-house. The first thing that crossed his mind was how to get a drink. He had no

HOW TO BECOME  
BEAUTIFUL.  
GUIDE TO GOOD LOOKS.

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

## Troubled Like Many Others.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am a young girl, and like many others I am troubled with freckles. I was told many remedies, but have tried none. Would you be kind enough to tell me what would remove the freckles and not injure the skin?—C. H. S.

Little freckles are not unlike, and a remedy that will be effective for one will not avail for another person.

A lotion that will not irritate one's skin will cause inflammation in another. It is impossible to foretell. I really think the bleach for which I give you formula is the most satisfactory of all the freckle lotions. It will not injure your skin if the lotion is properly used—that is, according to directions.

Formula for Face Bleach—Bichloride of mercury in coarse powder, 10 grains; distilled water, 1 pint. Agitate the two together until a complete solution is obtained. Then add one-half ounce of glycerine. Apply with a small sponge

as often as agreeable. This is not strong enough to blister and skin the face in average cases. It may be increased or reduced in strength by adding to or taking from the amount of bichloride of mercury. Do not forget that this last ingredient is a powerful poison and should be kept out of the reach of children and ignorant persons.

## To Remove Pimples.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Kindly advise me how to get rid of pimples on the face. After I squeeze them out they become red spots.

E. B. TRY this ointment for the pimples and do not tamper with them. Rosacea Cream—Lanoline, 5 grams; sweet almond oil, 5 grams; sulphur, precipitated, 5 grams; oxide of zinc, 2½ grams; violet extract, ½ gram. Place the sulphur and zinc first in the mortar, then add the almond oil, a little at a time, until a smooth paste is formed; next add lano-

## To Replace Lost Formula.

Kindly give me a good skin whitener. I had a formula which you gave in The World, but I've lost it.

A STUDENT. THE formula I give you is excellent to be used as a liquid powder or skin whitener. For whitening the skin—Pure oxide of zinc, 1 ounce; glycerine, 1 dram; rose water, 4 ounces; essence of rose, 15 drops. Sift the zinc, dissolve it in just enough of the rose water to cover it, then add the glycerine; next the remainder of the rose water. Shake well and apply with a soft sponge or a bit of antiseptic gauze. The face must be wiped off before the liquid dries or it will be streaked.

## TO-DAY'S LOVE STORY. WHITENED HAIR.

BY H. S. ROGERS.

Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co. CONDUCTOR SHAFFER of No. 5 let himself down from the rear of his train as it came to a standstill.

A white-haired man came creeping out from under the car near which he was standing. It was evident that the stranger had been stealing a ride, and he was dirty and begrimed.

"Joe Jordan, by thunder!" said Conductor Shafter.

"What you doing under that train?" "Riding the rods."

"You are a regular bum, then?" "Yep, pretty much. You see, it is like this, Shafter. It's five years since I dropped out. Not one single person that I knew or that knew me in the old days has ever seen me or spoken to me since then until I ran across you this morning. There was no one dependent upon me, and no one that cared, I guess. You know that I was running pretty strong with Mary Parr then for a time, and although she is married now—

"What's that?"

"Well, I ain't ashamed to say that I thought a lot of her, and if things had gone differently maybe I would have had a passenger run by this time. One evening Mary and I had a little spat—didn't amount to much, but we thought it did—and that settled it. Then I heard that she was going with Henry Weber, a machinist in the shops, and so I kind of dropped out. Left the road and worked all over for a time. Then I got to travelling about a bit and soon I was on the bum.

"About my white head? I had been wandering down through the Eastern States some three years ago, and one night I landed at Lancaster, Pa. Myself and another young fellow climbed into a box car loaded with bananas. "It did not seem that I had been asleep very long when I was awakened by my companion.

"There is something in this car," said he.

"Of course there is," I said, about to fall asleep again.

"It's something crawling. Don't you feel them?"

"I did feel something on my hand and

shook it off. Then I dug a match out of my pocket and struck it.

"That's where my hair began to turn white."

"The place was swarming with gigantic spiders, I thought, but as the match flickered and flared I looked up at my companion. His face was deadly white and he heaved at me:

"Tarantulas!"

"The horrible things had been brought

from some Southern country in the bunches of bananas."

"A bite from any one of the ugly creatures meant death."

"I could hear my companion's teeth chattering and I knew that he was in an agony of fear."

"What's to be done?" he gasped.

"Sit perfectly still," I said. "Don't move nor brush one of them off, even if it crawls on your face. Have you the nerve to do it?"

"No, no. My God, I shall be insane

if I do."

"Not that I know of."

"Well, the old man always spoke mighty well of you, and if there is nothing doing for you on that road, I have got a pretty good pull over here myself. You drop off at home with me, and we will see about fixing you up a bit before you tackle him."

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FOR HOME  
DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut this dress for a child of two years of age 2½ yards of material 32 inches wide will be required, with 1½ yard of tucking and 7-8 yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.



The pattern (No. 322, sizes six months, one, two and four years) will be sent for 10 cents. Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

## WILL MONEY EVER DISPLACE LOVE?

**The Evening World offers \$10 for the best 150-word letter on this subject. Send letter to "Four-Million Bride" Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 1354, New York City.**

**Woman Made to Be Loved.**

Love has ruled the universe since creation and will continue down through all the ages. Apparently more marriages are made for the golden shekels, but this is because the newspapers do not print long first-page columns about such a commonplace subject as love. It is said that "all the world loves a lover," yet this jaded planet always prefers to hear of a multi-millionaire bestowing precious jewels on the woman who has sold herself for the filthy lucre. The little blind god laughs at those who believe his power is diminishing, for well he knows that he will hold sway as long as life has passion.

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## SONG OF THE SINGER.

DAY long upon the dreaming  
One watched the idle hours  
fade by  
And had no thought of other  
thing  
Than waving grass and summer  
sky.

And all the wilding accents and  
sounds  
The lavish-hearted season  
brought  
He made his own and prisoned  
them  
Within the little songs he  
wrought.

While he was singing in the  
town  
His busy brethren bought and  
sold  
And got their place and cir-  
cumstance  
And all the pride and pomp of  
gold.

But when the night came with  
the stars  
And on her hills her silence laid,  
He, homeward turning, bore with  
him  
Naught save the careless songs  
he made.

"Oh, Prodigal!" his brothers  
cried,  
"Ampl have you done no better  
thing?"

And is it thus you spend your  
day—  
To dream in sunshine and to  
sing?

But he, remembering those still  
hours  
The dream had made so elo-  
quent—  
The waving grass, the summer  
sky.

The purple hillside-smiled,  
content,  
—Arthur Ketchum, in the New  
Lipincott.

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